

A Winter Night

The air was crisp, the sky was clear,
Snow glistened all around.
The stars shone with their crystal light,
And all creation crowned.

I walked alone, yet not alone,
Beneath this canopy.
The marvel of the universe,
It's matchless symmetry.

I walked alone, yet not alone,
Beneath this canopy.
I walked alone, yet not alone,
So small in this infinity.

I gazed above and round about,
Filled with a fearful awe;
The stars the night, the snow, the trees,
All nature knows His law.

Can such a pow'r have love for me,
Tainted by ancient loss,
Tainted by sin of own free will,
And imperfection dross.

He gave to me His only Son,
To die upon the cross,
To show to me how great His love,
And rescue which was lost.

—JACK READY '55

There's probably no man living, though ever so great
a fool, that cannot do something or other well.—Warren.

Could we forbear dispute, and practice love,
We should agree as angels do above.—Walpole.